But tell me girle, when went (and there ſhee ſtaide,
Till after a deepe grone) TARQVIN from hence,
Madame ere I was vp (repli'd the maide,)
The more to blame my ſluggard negligence.
Yet with the fault I thus farre can diſpence:
My ſelfe was ſtirring ere the breake of day,
And ere I roſe was TARQVIN gone away.

But Lady, if your maide may be ſo bold,
Shee would requeſt to know your heauineſſe:
(O peace quoth LVCRECE) if it ſhould be told,
The repetition cannot make it leſſe:
For more it is, then I can well expreſſe,
And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,
VVhen more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get mee hither paper, inke, and pen,
Yet ſaue that labour, for I haue them heare,
(VVhat ſhould I ſay) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare
A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,
Bid him with ſpeede prepare to carrie it,
The cauſe craues haſt, and it will ſoone be writ.

Her



Her maide is gone, and ſhee prepares to wr
Firſt houering ore the paper with her quill:
Conceipt and griefe an eager combat fight,
VVhat wit ſets downe is blotted ſtraight with
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill,
Much like a preſſe of people at a dore,
Throng her inuentions which ſhall go bef

At laſt ſhee thus begins: thou worthie Lord,
Of that vnworthie wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy perſon, next, vouchſafe t'affor
(If euer loue, thy LVCRECE thou wilt ſee,)
Some preſent ſpeed, to come and viſite me:
So I commend me, from our houſe in griefe
My woes are tedious, though my words are

Here folds ſhee vp the tenure of her woe,
Her certaine ſorrow writ vncertainely,
By this ſhort Cedule COLATINE may know
Her griefe, but not her griefes true quality,
Shee dares not thereof make diſcouery,
Leſt he ſhould hold it her own groſſe abuſ
Ere ſhe with bloud had ſtain'd her ſtain'd